The Queen carowſes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.
*Ham*. Good Madam.
*King*. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
*Quee*. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
*King*. It is the poyſoned cup, it is too late.
*Ham*. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
*Quee*. Come, let me wipe thy face.
*Laer*. My Lord Ile hit him now.
*King*. I doe not think't.
*Laer*. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
*Ham*. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am ſure you make a wanton of me.
*Laer*. Say you ſo? come on.
*Oſtr*. Nothing neither way.
*Laer*. Have at you now.
*King*. Part them, they are incens't.
*Ham*. Nay come againe.
*Oſtr*. Looke to the Queen there ho.
*Hora*. They bleed on both ſides, how is't my Lord?
*Oſtr*. How is't *Laertes*?
*Lae*. Why as a woodcock to mine own ſpringe *Oſtricke*,
I am juſtly kill'd with mine owne treachery.
*Ham*. How does the Queene?
*King*. She ſwounes to ſee them bleed.
*Que*. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyſoned.
*Ham*. O villaine! ho let the doore be lockt,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.
*Laer*. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art ſlaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me; lo here I lye
Never to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſon'd,
I am no more, the King, the King's to blame.
*Ha*. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

*All*.



*All*. Treaſon, treaſon.
*King*. O yet defend me friends, I am but hu
*Ham*. Here thou inceſtuous damned *Dane*,
Drinke off this potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my mother.
*Lae*. He is juſtly ſerv'd, it is a poyſon temper'
Exchange forgiveneſſe with me noble *Hamle*
Mine and my fathers death come not upon the
Nor thine on me.
*Ham*. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chanc
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liveſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
*Hora*. Never beleeve it,
I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
*Ham*. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hav't
O God *Horatio* what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall I leave b
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pa
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this?
*Enter Oſricke*.
*Oſr*. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt com
Th'Embaſſadors of *England* gives this warlik
*Ham*. O I dye *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpiri
I cannot live to heare the newes from *Engla*
But I doe propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th'occurrents more and leſſe